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The St. Joseph's Collegian

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DEDICATION

To our esteemed and beloved professors, the Reverend Melanrad Koester, C. P.P. S., and the Reverend Sylvester Hartman, C. P.P. S., who by their unselfish devotion and untiring zeal have instilled in us a love for knowledge and the things of God, we offer this issue of "The Collegian" as a token of love and gratitude on this their Silver Jubilee.

1907

1932

To Our Jubilarian, Father Heinrad

Leonard Storch

In a valley of calm silent beauty
Is a cave that is hidden from sight,
Where a score and yet five he has labored,
Who can know all the works of his might?

He a builder not only of doings,
But of character, thoughts, and of words;
He a jeweler, a maker of beauties
That on souls of his children he girds.

Oh thou hand of the God of omniscience!
What the castes that the feeble adore?
Thou, the pilot of life's weary vessels,
Shall the worthiest castes lead ashore.

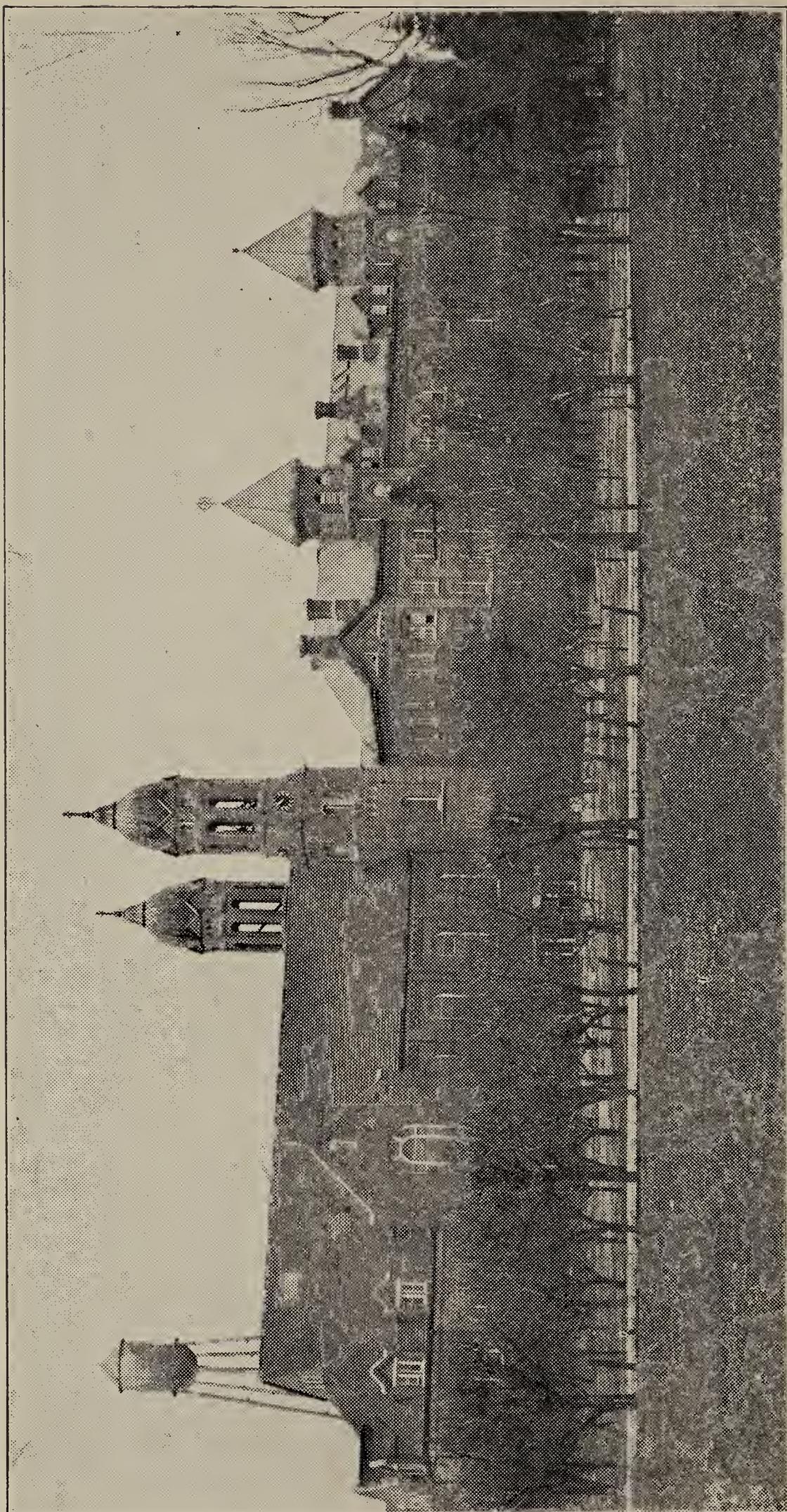
To Our Jubilarian, Father Sylvester

Leonard Storch

The angelus on solemn twilight air
Profoundly tells an Ave rarely told;
The priestly lips slow breathe a silent pray'r,
While sacred hands a silver bead enfold.

The silver e'en the twenty-fifth embraced;
Full many prefaced on the rosary
Were told midst strifes that inner jewels have traced,
Yet few, as numbered to eternity.

Fair souls you fashioned by your sacred deeds
Were sculptured not unto decay, but e'er.
Your glory not as earthly crown recedes,
You that of priest unto eterne shall wear.



Chapel and Main Building of St. Joseph's College from the East.

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THE ARTIST OF THE UNITED STATES' CAPITOL

Clarence Schuerman

That the casual meeting between a rebel and a fugitive should have constituted the first move in the long chain of incidents that finally resulted in furnishing the U. S. Capitol Building with its truly grand frescoes is a matter of no little surprise to many an American. Of course, Jefferson Davis was no rebel at the time when he met artist-fugitive, Constantino Brumidi, but later on he did act in a way that made Abraham Lincoln and many others look upon him as being quite a tough fellow. That he could not be given a thoroughly clean bill as a first rate patriot is sufficiently plain from the crude ditty that was sung about him:

“Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree.”

It was a piece of sheer good luck that a Northern Army did not meet “Jeff” near a sour apple tree or any other tree for that matter, but it was equally a piece of sheer good luck that “Jeff” met the artist, Brumidi, in or near the great cathedral of Old Mexico City. That the fortunate meeting happened in this particular city does not argue that either one, or both of them were Mexicans. Rather, “Jeff,” during the palmy days of the middle of the last century, had been sent to Mexico as U. S. Ambassador, and Brumidi arrived at the same place to

ply his trade as an artist. That ambassador and artist took note of each other merely indicates what has at all times been common among people, that great minds, though following divergent interests, will be subject to mutual attraction. This mutual attraction or admiration did not spring from the disposition in the one to be a future rebel or from the fact that the other was a happy fugitive to foreign shores, but it took its origin in the kinship of genius, if not in similarity of employment.

As to Brumidi, nothing would be farther from the mark than to consider him a fugitive from justice with a price put on his head. There was nothing that hung over his noble head but the fate of an artist. He left his homeland, Italy, during the unpleasant aftermath of the European-wide Revolution in 1848. The backwash of that revolution splashed over into 1849 and carried with it the disagreeable incident of the French occupation of Rome. There was no telling at that time when this backwash would quit splashing, for the powerful Prime Minister of England, Lord Palmerston, was continually busy with opening new floodgates of trouble. As a Mephistopheles, he was unsurpassed in Europe in those stormy years, and the feelings that his doings aroused in the princelings and rulers of Europe found expression in another crude ditty running to the words,

"If the devil has a son,
It surely is Lord Palmerston."

Brumidi could not live in an atmosphere such as was created by Palmerston in Europe. He resolved to betake himself to a country secure against the reverberations of the British Prime Minister's intrigue. That art and revolution do not walk hand in hand was "luce clarius" to him. To see how foreigners, the French in Rome, treated the noblest

productions in painting and sculpture could do nothing less than sicken him at heart. One need but think of the smoke-film that beclouds the grand frescoes of Michelangelo in the Sistine Chapel to experience what Brumidi's feelings were in the face of sheer barbarism.

Upon coming to the U. S., Brumidi brought in his own person the cleverest artist in all the world of his day. His first work in America done in New York and Philadelphia aroused so much admiration that rumor carried his fame all the way down to old Mexico City where space had been reserved in the great cathedral over decades of years for the master-hand of an artist to design and produce a suitable picture. In Brumidi the long-sought-for genius of brush and palette had arrived. His training in his homeland, in the Academy of St. Luke, and later his reputation as court painter to Pope Gregory XVI and Pope Pius IX combined to herald him as a master unsurpassed in his chosen profession. No wonder then that his glorious "Allegory of the Blessed Trinity" as it grew to completion on the wall of the great cathedral attracted the eyes of lovers of art and among these the eyes of Jefferson Davis, the man who here found "his man" for the work that was to be done by way of decorating the National Capitol Building.

It is to the unending credit of "Jeff" that he had eyes to see what others did not see. Later in his life he may have seen wrong, but he surely saw right when he looked at Brumidi's painting in Mexico City. Whatever may be said about him in other respects, in the matter of artistic taste and culture he was ahead of all those who wanted "to hang him on a sour apple tree" by the distance of a good gunshot. He sent notice to his government that he had

discovered the only great artist whose skill would add fame to the Capitol Building. Very soon after this information had reached home, Brumidi was on his way to Washington. It was not the Academy of St. Luke that he found here, neither did he find anything like the grand halls of the Vatican. The city of Washington had little to show in the way of art. After the artistic debacle with what is known as the "Shirtless Washington," everybody in that city, for the longest time, was afraid to think of art. What he did find was a basement filled with famous "corn-stalk columns" among which he was to depict the wild flowers and birds of America. Naturally some botanist furnished the flowers; Audubon furnished the birds, but both flowers and birds came from his brush more closely resembling nature than they did in the sources from which he took them.

Things went along pleasantly for several years until all of a sudden it was found out that Jefferson Davis was looking after other things that were quite different from artistic paintings. The roar of guns had awakened the echoes of Fort Sumter, and shortly after a Northern army went blustering down to Bull Run, only to flee like bulls in wildest disorder at the first crack of opposing muskets. But the smoke of battle did not obscure Brumidi's vision. He pursued his task calmly. Though "Jeff," who now had reasons to fear "the sour apple tree," did no longer find it safe to walk about the City of Washington and give encouragement to his favorite artist, yet it was in another man in whom Brumidi found a friend and patron, a man who had an eye as sharp as a razor's edge for everything, the War President, Abraham Lincoln. Both Lincoln and Brumidi now felt that "Jeff" was more intent on seeing the Capi-

tol Building blown all the way to Halifax instead of seeing it decorated; yet the artist's work proceeded unhampered.

From his surroundings of "corn-stalk columns" where his work was now finished, Brumidi advanced among the marble columns in the upper halls of the Capitol Building. Here he determined to set an example of art to America such as would be difficult to surpass. With what success he carried out his determination can be seen at the present day. No one in all the following years has found it possible to equal the lofty flight of artistic genius that visualized itself in frescoes that will be the boast of America for all future times. His stupendous work, "The Apotheosis of Washington," painted in the top of the dome of the Capitol, a work which cost him ten years of hard labor, is a fitting climax to all other paintings that decorate this building coming from his masterful hand. For those who are still under the impression that in the field of art America has nothing superior to buffaloes, cyclones, and Walt Whitman's poems, a glance at this superb painting ought to rectify their impression.

Hardly less brilliant in conception and design than "The Apotheosis of Washington" is the ring of pictures representing outstanding events in American history which Brumidi painted on the wall of the great dome mid-way of its height. To design these pictures in the bold relief that makes them stand forth from the wall as if walking on air must have entailed enormous labor and untiring diligence. In its kind this circle of pictures may be said to rival the best that is known anywhere among the productions of artists. Though reminding the beholder of many of the most stirring events in American History, it is also a reminder of the unexpected and sad

ending of the life of the great Brumidi. A piece of falling scaffolding caused his death in 1882. An unfinished portion of this series of pictures—a yawning gap of bare wall—is the best monument that attests his genius. Perhaps this section may be filled out by the hand of some other artist, but as long as the Capitol Building stands this portion of the wall in the dome will be pointed out as a memorial of the unfortunate death of the greatest artist whom America can call her own.

It is more than likely that Jefferson Davis never returned to Washington to view the work of his artist friend, but even if he did not, and even if he never spoke a word of commendation and praise in favor of the man whose splendid services he secured in the work of decorating the Capitol, yet in view of the fact that he was shrewd enough to detect the right man for the job, the wish "to hang him on a sour apple tree" should be turned into a desire to express an earnest and sincere "Thank You!"



The Wonders of the Sky

Stanislaus Manoski

The sky is one great massive dome
That harbors more than man can see;
If he would through its wonders roam
'Twould take full an eternity.

Its vault is stained with azure blue,
Relieved by filmy cirrus clouds
That often change their fleecy hue
To threat'ning, thunder-headed crowds.

When Phoebus rides full high at noon,
And all the welkin streams with gold;
'Tis then, the sky is in festoon,
As artist's brush has never told.

When night comes on, the sky is bright
With sheen of stars in argent hue;
Medusa glows there at her height,
And Cygnus turns his cross askew.

In silvery garb caught from the moon,
The sky is lustrous to behold;
A sight that makes mad poets croon
To vent their feelings manifold.

O wonders of the deep blue sky!
Your beauties rival all on earth;
If I had only wings to fly,
I'd come to you and live in mirth.

Ballade of Mary

Joseph Wittkofski

Oh harken, Maid, thou Virgin fair!
Before thy sacred shrine,
 All men would pray;
They humbly come and ask to share
 Thy kindly love, Divine,
 To lead their way.

Oh Virgin dear, do not decline
 To guard them in the fray
 When sins ensnare;
But from thy throne thine eyes incline;
 Turn not their prayers away,
 And none forebear.

Oh Queen, in Grace's grand array!
Entreat thy Son to spare
 The men who pine
On earth; and those who go astray,
 Protect from Satan's snare,
 And make them thine.

ENVOY

Rejoice all men! Oh be aware!
 And come not in dismay,
For Mary heeds your lowly prayer;
 With love she will repay.

GRATITUDE PLUS
(D. M. U. Prize Story)

James Quinn

Lightning flashed intermittently while thunder rumbled a rough accompaniment to the harsh notes of the wild wind. The rain god, in his attempt to inundate the whole of China as it seemed, had in his madness pushed the flood gates of the heavens wide open that there might be no halt to the pouring deluge until his purpose should be fulfilled. The incessant downpour had turned the dusty road leading to the Providence Mission Compound near Kai-feng City into a deep black mire that threatened to swallow up Sister Therese, as she trudged homeward from a sick call at one of the neighboring hovels. A black habit, dripping wet, weighed her down but could not dampen her youthful spirits nor even could it dim the sparkle in her eager eyes that bespoke an angelic kindliness and a humble disposition. As she wearily picked her way through the mud, carefully avoiding such puddles as looked mirish enough to engulf her, she mused on the delightful spring showers that she had so greatly enjoyed in her childhood days and on the tender attentions of a loving mother that were always spent on her especially before leaving the house to attend Mass on Sundays.

Gradually the outlines of the Compound broke upon her eyes through the grey, leaden streams of rain and put an end to her reminiscences. Hurrying her steps to gain what little comfort her new home in a totally new land might give her, she crossed the yard of the Compound and was about to lay her hand on the latchstring of the door, when a moaning sound coming from a little distance be-

yond the doorway attracted her attention. There in the dark mud she found a Chinese lad lying unconscious. His black hair and eyebrows were matted in blood that flowed from a deep gash over his right eye. Unconscious though he was, yet his blue eyes seemed almost to leap from their sockets with a pitiful begging for aid. The helpless condition of the lad moved the young Nun to heartfelt sympathy. Without calling for help she picked up the muddy bundle of humanity and lugged it into the house of the Compound. There the lad was soon made comfortable, and after a proper stimulant had been administered, consciousness gradually returned. When finally his head was clear, he feebly questioned, "Where me is?" But what appeared to bother him more than his whereabouts was a little bronze idol which he clutched tightly in his hand.

To put him at ease, Sister Therese told him where and by what means she had found him. He looked somewhat amazed at her story as if being unable to comprehend what she was saying. Distractionally his eyes turned from her face to the little bronze image in his hand which he regarded with evident terror as if it had caused him harm and might do so further. What the real meaning of it might be, no one, and especially not the young Nun, could even remotely guess. Presently the power of speech returned to him and his first words were:

"Me no likee Zavvang. He letee bad man kill my mommee and papee and almos kille me. I likee you, Melican lady."

For a little while he lay quiet as if waiting for some reply from the Nun. Then raising the small bronze idol before his face, he gave the curious image a hard look, which he evidently intended as a re-

proach, and suddenly hurled it against the brick wall of the room with all the strength he could muster. Apparently he had conceived the idea that it was the presence of the idol that kept the Nun from speaking to him. Now, having disposed of this impediment, he made another effort at talking.

"Knowe, Melican lady, Lo Kan, who likee you, he wantee to be your servant!"

At these words the Nun smiled and said in reply, "All right, Lo, if you will promise to be a good boy, you can help me."

"Me be goode boy, me likee you, me helpee you," came from Lo with an earnest look on his face.

That Lo was serious when he spoke these words was soon proved by the diligence he showed in the work that was assigned to him and in the study of the catechism as required. Because of the pains he took particularly in his studies, Sister Therese visioned him as a priest on some future day. But Lo soon informed her that he had no inclinations to enter the priesthood. He wanted to be a great man of the world, a renowned general, a merchant, a business man of some sort. In spite of his taking this worldly outlook, his love and esteem for the kind Nun, who had nursed him back to life and health, did not decrease. He did not only stand by his resolve to do her every bidding, but also declared that he must go with her on every errand to protect her against gamins of his sort that still were pagans.

Lo did not have long to wait until he could show his stuff as a reliable escort to the Nun whom he befriended. On her way to the bedside of a sick person, a naughty boy rushed up to her, spoke insultingly, and called her such vile names that she became noticeably embarrassed. Lo tripped up the fellow instantly and proceeded to drub him soundly.

The Nun tried to interpose, but Lo could not hear anything. He made so much noise by the words he used on his antagonist, words altogether different from those he had learned in the catechism, that the Nun's efforts were of no avail. The affair ended by Lo's insisting that the youth apologize to Sister Therese for his conduct towards her—a matter that satisfied Lo's pride more than it suited the customary humility of the Nun.

Ten years of life at the Compound had changed Lo into a strong young man, a helpful servant, and a devout Christian. He was ever ready to do any chores and undergo any hardships if only he might serve his superiors well, but it was always clear to all who took note of him at work that he did not only labor but also showed real pleasure in what he was doing providing it meant to meet a command coming from Sister Therese. To accompany her on her numerous calls, whether by day or by night, was a service of which he never tired. It was she who answered most of the summons for help that led to great distances from the Compound, because she was personally courageous and knew how to make her way through difficulties that puzzled and scared her companions. This, her readiness to meet any danger, was now increased by the confidence she placed in Lo, who had given evidence of his ability and willingness to protect her, and that not merely on one, but on numerous other occasions. The fact that she had forgotten to fear any and every kind of predicament if only Lo was at her side brought about a catastrophe which overspread the Compound with a deep and long sorrow.

The doorbell at the Compound rang violently one evening just as night was falling. Upon opening the door, the portress was confronted by a man who

appeared to be a Chinese peasant. Almost out of breath, he gasped forth the words:

"Melican lady, my wifee she almost die. What do, Melican lady? Help me."

Hearing these words, Sister Therese turned to the portress and said, "I shall hurry to go at once, it may be that his wife is badly sick and hence wants to receive baptism."

The portress refused to let Sister Therese go, for, she insisted, "The man looks suspicious. Besides he has not merely told me that his wife is sick, but he wants to make me believe that he lives near this Compound. On his part this statement is a lie; we know all who live near this place, and he is a perfect stranger. He is just using an old trick for the sake of carrying out some evil design."

At these words Lo interrupted. His eyes flashed courage while he shouted, "I'll go with Sister, and I'll die before anybody gets a chance to do her any hurt!"

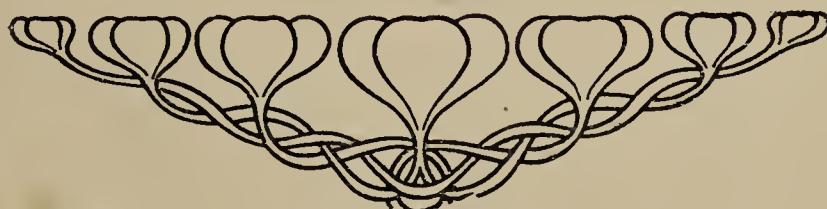
Further argument was to no purpose. Sister Therese quickly gathered her medicine supplies while Lo went to the stable to saddle Joko, the mission burro. Scarcely had the three of them left the Compound, when the Nun and Lo saw reasons to feel uneasy about their peasant guide. To all questions put to him concerning the road he gave evasive answers. When talking to the Nun he evinced a sort of hysterical cheer, but all that Lo could get out of him was a rough answer and a black scowl. The Nun's mind, however, was so completely taken up with plans of relief for the supposedly sick woman whom she intended to help, that she would think of nothing besides hurry. She was even slightly peeved with Lo for giving more attention to the peasant

than to urging onward the pokey burro she was riding.

The road they had taken led into a dense forest. The peasant assured the Nun and Lo that his hut was situated but a short way from the edge of the woods. Through the trees a faint light glimmered occasionally at which the peasant seemed to peer with much concern. His queer action, his shrill laugh, and the fitful light made things look scarily spooky. Suddenly as if to confide a secret to the Nun, he drew close to her while at the same time seizing the rein of the burro. But luckily none of his movements eluded the vigilance of Lo, who saw him swing a wicked Dirk at his friend. With the goad he held in his hand, he gave the burro a sharp punch that made the beast lurch and run, and then with the agility of a tiger he sprang at the scurvy peasant and used the goad on him with telling effect. The odds were all on his side in this tussle, but immediately the forest became alive with shouting and yelling demons. Lo laid about him with the goad in savage fury, until a thud on his head, a shimmer of stars before his eyes made an end to his consciousness. As far as he knew the fight was all over. Gradually as it seemed to him, he felt the hot sun shining on his face; he saw the Nun sitting on the burro waiting for him to urge the beast onward; he noticed thistledown blowing all about him. When at length he opened his eyes and consciousness returned, he saw only the faint light of the moon, now standing at last quarter, sifting through the dark trees. Springing to his feet, he looked about excitedly for the Nun, but there only a short distance from him the burro grazed quietly with no one else to be seen. His heart thumped as he sought for her among the trees and bushes, when suddenly he saw what chilled his blood with terror.

There in a clump of underbrush he spied the body of the Nun, dead, with her head crushed by a powerful blow. In a frenzy he mounted the burro and bethought himself to take after those scoundrels and wreak vengeance upon them, but upon a second thought he decided to bring news of Sister Therese's sad death to the Compound.

Great was the grief and sorrow at the Compound when the sad story was heard from Lo's own lips. The body of the Nun was recovered and prepared for burial. Two days later when Lo stood beside the open grave that was to receive the remains of his dearest friend, Sister Therese, he recalled the noble example she had set by her heroic life, the numerous admonitions, counsels, and instructions she had given him, and, oh, yes, the hope she had at one time expressed to see him at the altar as a priest of God. Yes, a priest of God he would be; even now he would take to studies with the greatest zeal. During the long years that followed, the memory of Sister Therese, the great sacrifice she had made in a noble cause, strengthened his resolution. He redoubled his prayers for her spiritual benefit, and when the time for his ordination approached, he resolved to do her the greatest service that can come from the hand of man for the dead—he offered up his First Holy Mass for the blissful and eternal repose of her soul.



Mother

Michael Stohr

If I could tell you, Mother dear,
The things I'd love to do,
I'm sure you'd never drop a tear
From your sweet eyes so blue.

From childhood to this very day,
More love no one could show
Than you did, Mother, let none say
That heart-felt thanks came slow.

If on this day we're far apart
'Tis yet your love I crave
As warmth that comes from Mother's heart
That sure its child would save.

But times will come when far I roam
That threaten me with woe;
For you will go to heaven's home,
And leave me here below.

WHAT PRICE MANHOOD?

Lawrence Ernst

Someone, I believe it was an Italian author, Giulio Cordara, once wrote a poem on insects. "What a topic," you'll say. He'd probably forgive you though, because you've never lived in the south of Europe. There, you see, bugs and insects are much more intimate than they are here in our north. Well, anyway, this poem on insects claims that those troublesome and abominable little animals were created for the annoyance of the human race, and that they certainly were never inhabitants of Paradise. If I were to write a poem similar to the Italian's on the chief annoyance in his life, I'd write on the barbarous practice of shaving. This "daily dozen" is certainly an annoyance, and it's as plain as the nose on your face, that Adam never had to shave, certainly not when he was in Paradise. Shaving is just another one of those things that have to be, another one of our "modernistic" touches to an already over-modernized civilization.

If our present day could produce a daily chronicler of the calibre of good old Mr. Pepy's, our literary friend, without any doubt he'd begin his daily narrative in such a way: "Shaved as usual this A. M.? By Jupiter, I swear I'll never touch a razor to my face again!" But before you give him any credit for such a sensible resolution as to renounce shaving as a bad job, steal a furtive glance at the next day's entry, at the following day's, and so forth, day after day, and month after month, year in and year out. I know you'll find the very same resolution inscribed with the very same vehemence at the very same spot on every page. It's just a

pity; for the male of the human species, life has just become one darn shave after another.

In the good old days—"Pre-War stuff, you know"—a nice set of whiskers was all the vogue. You can imagine what it must have been in the days when the Moslems swore, "By the beard of the Prophet!" And take it from me, they really had something to swear by. I have no particular reason to attach to their policy of growing beards, but I might suggest that they did it to save themselves a lot of work, or maybe even, whiskers had a utilitarian value in those days. You see, cold-cream was hard to obtain at any price and a nice hair-like growth on the lower portions of the face may have protected the tender, leathery skin of the genuine caveman from the cruel wind and sun. Whatever may have been their motive, the point I wish to bring out, however, is this that they did grow beards, and I'm sure that if any one had suggested such a stunt as shaving, they'd have made short work of him. Heaven bless those sages of olden days who permitted Nature to follow its own course, and who allowed their whiskers to blow when and where they pleased.

But poor modern man!—subservient to the decrees of custom! But is it custom alone? Something tells me, perhaps it is a little bird, that in these days when the "modern" woman has taken up not only cigarette, but also pipe smoking—always considered purely masculine privileges—she has also like Xanthippe laid down the law to her husband forbidding him to grow a beard since that is the one virile thing she cannot do. And so daily in this land of the free (???) mere man humbles himself before convention (and his wife?) and strives to

conquer and subdue his beard, the unpopular attribute of masculinity. Every morning an enormous amount of lather is worked up on an infinite variety of chins, and a veritable wilderness of variegated stubble falls before the savage onslaught of a myriad of razors. You may claim that whiskers are superfluous, unexplainable, but just the same, they remain to make up one of life's stern realities.

True to the natural tradition of boyhood, years ago—maybe not so many—when I was a child, I washed as a child always holding my neck and ears particularly inviolable to the cleansing soap and water. Now that I have become a man, I've put on the things of a man. Away with all such childish scruples. Then I saw in a glass—seldom; now day after day, I see myself clearly in the mirror as I stand before it obedient to the modern addition to the decalogue: "Shave thy physiognomy religiously; for whiskers are unseemly, an abomination in the sight of society." Modern humanity will have none of primitive facial embellishment, and so I have come into my inheritance of the peculiarly masculine annoyance of shaving.

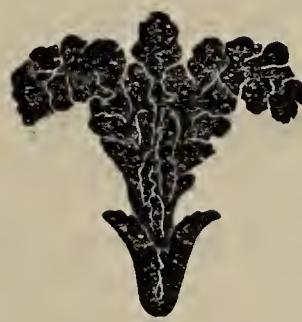
Did you every try to break in a colt? Well shaving is just about the same thing. A beard is just as persistent in its way as a colt is in its. In fact, if anything, a beard is more persistent, perhaps even the most persistent thing in the world. Defeated, even slain, it falls only to rise once more, untamed and stronger than before. Upon the fertile hillsides of one's cheeks and chin, or in the shady nooks near the Adam's apple, it sprouts with eternal youth. Like Tennyson's brook, I can imagine my beard vaunting its triumph, its ability to stage a comeback after each defeat with even renewed vitality, all the while reciting in never-ending phrase:

"You may hack, and you may hoe,
But I go on forever!"

With the passing of the ages, shaving has become a matter of brute strength and stoical endurance. In principal it is the same as the stump-pulling of pioneer days, only of course, on a more miniature scale. The effect, however, is just as disastrous. Theoretically, you might say, a lather's function is to soften the beard and prepare it for the unwelcomed razor. As an actual fact though, it merely serves to provide a soap-screen through which the blood-thirsty weapon with everlasting impunity sneaks down upon the minor bumps, corners, and protuberances of one's face, and slices them off all under cover. And then when the slaughter is complete, when a sufficient amount of beard and face has been removed in this way, we apply soothing lotions to an outraged epidermis, hoping to repair the damage as best we may. Thank Heavens, beards don't grow twice as fast as they actually do, or life might become one continuous shave!

If "per impossible" I were to become a candidate for president at the next election, I would broadcast my platform as an all-masculine affair. Down with all subservience to custom and to modern Xanthippes. Shaving is an exorbitant price to pay for being members of modern society. Woe to the man who shaved first! If only I knew who he was so I might heap upon him vehemence similar to that which my razor hears morning after morning. I know who discovered America; I know who is the perpetrator of the lolly-pop; but neither I nor anyone else knows the fool who first confronted his wife with a visage as smooth as her own. Hanging by the toe-nails, until dead, from a two hundred story building would

be too good for that dunce. But I'm going to store up my vehemence until the day comes when someone discovers who the imbecile was. In the meantime, as a member of a Gilette-Autostrop-Gem age, I guess I must shave day after day in everlasting resignation to my cruel fate.



Mater Immaculata

Joseph Wittkofski

Mater Christi, nostra spes,
Nos te benedicimus,
Salve exulum fides,
Nomen tuum poscimus.
Deus vivus homini
Natus pura virgine;
Audi Mater Domini,
Filios clamantes te.

Tibi clamant Seraphim,
Macula non est in te;
Omnes laudant Cherubim
Sanctam Matrem gratiae.
Audi Mater hominum,
Peccatores protege.
Audi salus omnium,
Filios clamantes te.

THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD

Robert Nieset

“Here I sit, watching the setting sun just as I did long years ago when I was a youth. But what a changed heart beats feebly within this breast. Then I had everything before me, confusedly to be sure, but before me nevertheless. Now I have everything behind me, wealth, fame, power—confusion. Yet the best is still before me, and that best is not of the world’s offering. I have raised my cup to Mammon; I have quaffed, even the dregs, and the dregs were bitter. They burnt my body and withered my soul. Now I am lifting the cup to the Lord of Hosts, and there are still dregs; they are bitter. They burn my body, but they give peace to my soul.” So in the closing years of his life soliloquized the man who played God. But the drama of that man’s life has a beginning, and that beginning set in the hills of Kentucky.

The curtain rises upon a youth lying on the verdant slope of a hill and watching the majestic obsequies of the day. The western sky is in a riot of color. The sun has quite disappeared beneath the horizon, but its golden glory has tarried with a last lingering caress for the fathomless blue sky. Sensitive clouds that witness the embrace blush profusely. As the youth lies, contemplating the scene, he begins to wonder at the force, the soul, that must be behind so much majesty. He is a simple lad, bred in the hills roundabout, and his knowledge of God has led him to less of admiration than of fear. The God of the hill-folk is a stern judge, eager to condemn, preached by itinerant fanatics at “revivals.” The youth finds difficulty in connecting the deity who seemed to hate all that men loved with this shimmer

of beauty that flames before him. Still, the Book said that God made all! This wasn't the first time the difficulty had been borne upon this youth, but the perplexity was increasing. His conception of divinity was extremely vague; he preferred to believe in a God of beauty; he could love such a God. Yet, folks taught a God to be feared. Fear the sunset? fear nature? love God? The enigma was too great; he was beyond his depth, no longer thinking, but musing. He felt that it was strange to be alive; he Burt Mayo—for that was his name—was he a living youth, a dream, a third person, or was he himself? He stirred himself somewhat from his meditation and felt surprised at the approach of a stranger.

Usually the hill-folks are shy of strangers, and Burt's first impulse was to desert the hill side. The stranger, however, seemed to be as deeply absorbed in the drama of the evening—for the western splendor still blazed, though more subdued—as was he himself. Burt was eager to commune with someone who felt the joys of life as he did, who could read the glories of nature; and as the stranger drew nearer, Burt began to form words with which to greet and meet the man.

The man must have been sympathetic, at least he made friends with Burt and agreed to meet him at the same place on the succeeding evening. The man was a novelist who had come to the hills of Kentucky to acquire local color for a book he was writing. "Nothing more local than the yokel," surmised the novelist, "so why not get acquainted?" Adept at drawing people out of themselves, he had gained Burt's confidence the first time they met. Fascinated by Burt's naive simplicity, amused by the

boy's faith, tolerant of his doubts, he had let him unburden his troubled thoughts. "When the boy shall have babbled out all of his confusion," reasoned the novelist, "I shall show him the folly of attempting to conceive a god and of believing in that which he cannot conceive. I like the boy, and I'll make something of him; I will teach the credo of the ego, free him of his repressions, make him believe in himself and in me instead of in some nonsensical myth as the author of the good he sees." Succeed in this, he would. He did destroy the crude but, nevertheless, illuminating flame of faith that flickered in Burt's breast. Burt unfolded his primitive theology, and his friend splintered it, obliterated it point by point, adapting the argument to the situation. First, that austere god of wrath promulgated by the back-woods savants was routed, then Burt's theosophy was precipitated.

"Presuming that there is a god," argued the agnostic, "he must be the creator of everything, the guide of every destiny. That god must make the sunset and the flowers; he must fabricate all beauty and weave all pleasures. And he must make man. Now could the god of beauty make man to enjoy the fruits of the earth and condemn him for this enjoyment? Absurd! To exist at all, a god must be good. Yet everyday observation and experience proves the co-existence of suffering and of joy, of evil and of good, of love and of hate. Could this emanate from one all-just being? Is the world just? No! there must be two gods if there are gods at all, one evil, the other good. But such a postulate is ridiculous; if there be gods, they must be all-powerful, and one would destroy the other. Consequently there must be no god; or if there is, the human

mind can neither comprehend nor recognize him."

This logic was conclusive for Burt, but the conclusion was brutal. He asked "What of this?" and with a gesture swept in the hillsides and the heavens.

"That," continued the writer, "is in itself precisely nothing. If there is no one to hear music, is the effect beautiful? is there music? If there is no one to admire the picture, is it art? If no one loves the harmony of the sunset, nor the cries of birds, the green slopes and the wild flowers, are they beautiful? are they anything at all? What meaning has Niagara if there is no ear to hear its roar? No, man makes things what they are. For the commonplace man, things are common-place; for the artist, they are beautiful; for the happy, they are joyous; for the sad, they are dolorous. Each man makes his world, his life, his loves and fears, what is good for you may be an evil for another. Every man is his own god."

Burt half understood, yet his crude understanding was supplemented by the egoism common to every mortal. He stood convinced. There were still difficulties, but he would learn. He could follow this wonderful man, who was his teacher now, and learn all.

And Burt did leave his native hills. He went to the city. Led on by that insatiable curiosity that torments the soul deprived of the peace and light of truth, he set out to learn all, to see all under the tutelage of the man who had ruined his faith. Burt was brilliant. He learnt things, and in learning them forgot much. He was fascinated by the shimmer of the city. The lights, the people, the turmoil, the noise. Enormous buildings held for him a special attraction. "Men made them. They were the result of brains and sweat. Aye! Men were gods, each

man his own." In the mesh of city life, in the glamor of material things, the dream of wealth, Burt became engrossed. He forgot the sunset, forgot the days on the hillside and felt only the dynamic pulse of urban life.

Burt prospered under the hand of his protector and teacher. He became more and more conscious of the god that was himself; he felt the swell of ambition. He scorned conventionality, sneered at outworn morals, cried out for life, freedom, happiness. He could talk of complexes and inhibitions; he was conscious of the ego and indulgent to the sensual; staunchly pragmatic, he was proud of his skepticism. Yet one little vestige of the aesthetic rustic lying on the Kentucky slope remained, an admiration and reverence for the tall towers that etched the city's sky line. Their colossal proportions, yet delicate lines, their immense height, their cold stone and skeleton steel wcoed and won him. He would build a skyscraper to his god.

Years passed. Burt Mayo became Mr. Burton Mayo, junior partner to a construction firm. He had started, not quite at the bottom, and made his way upward. Now he was building skyscrapers himself, actually building them, but without his old fascination. The rap of the hammers, the whine of cranes were no longer music to him. There had been a time when he had worked on buildings with an interest chiefly in the part that he was playing in their erection. He had loved them. But as he advanced in his work—for his love of it had made him efficient—and his salary increased correspondingly, his interest had shifted slowly from the work, to the hard coins and crisp bills his efforts brought him. Now he worked only for money.

The new fascination brought him pleasure, a sense of power and position, but it never brought

him the peace of a sunset nor the thrill of a skyscraper. It became instead an obsession. Not that money ever became for Burt an end in itself, but it had admitted him to the cult of modern paganism. It offered the consummation of material pleasure, of the philosophy of flesh and blood—mostly one's own. Wealth brought him power, brought him friends, brought gratification for his every desire. The greater his income, the greater god he became. He could laugh at the idea of a God now. Perhaps men were not their own gods; but then money must be god. Nothing appeared beautiful to him; everything was commonplace. He recalled, "For the commonplace people, things are commonplace; for the happy, they are joyous." Was he growing commonplace? He, who had everything a man could desire, had he nothing? He was still young and should be full of the zest of life. Yet life was growing old and hopeless. Was he, perhaps, wrong in his credo of individualism; or was he simply nervous and over wrought by work?

Assuming the latter, Burt arranged a little vacation. He might dine and dance in the capitals of Europe, and at the same time re-establish his mental equilibrium. His passage to Europe was a boat ride, his stay in Paris, a dizzy fling, but as he passed into Switzerland and the Tyrol something about the scenery, the horizon, the atmosphere gripped him. Here rose majestic piles of rock, towering to a dizzy height far greater than that to which brains and muscle and sweat could raise steel and stone. Here was grandeur and majesty beyond the imagination of one who had not seen. Some of the old love was returning, and with it a suspicion of some divine intellect behind the magnificent panorama, Burt felt out of harmony with the majestic

scheme, so he tarried to orient himself.

The more he saw of the Alps, the more he loved them. To his taste, the delicate and frail did not appeal, but the rugged contour of colossal peaks, the illimitable heavens, the distant horizon—such manifestations of a boundless space, an inconceivable immensity did appeal. And now, though his mind was cluttered with confusion that foams from the mouths of fake prophets, he began to realize the limitation of human endeavors, the futility of ambition, the vanity and foolishness of trying to play god. Yet, what was this prime mover, this builder of mountains and stars? And the Eternal Love heard his creature's prayer.

Burt, one morning, ventured out along a mountain path to watch the sun rise. The modest pink of the maiden Aurora lighted the eastern sky. Sensing the approach of Apollo, she blushed profusely, the crimson running riot, then she hastily fled, and the sun-god ushered in by the sparkling "Horae," rode upon the scene. A great river of fire overflowed its banks, and in a golden flood fading to a light blue as it spread, it rolled back the powers of darkness. In that hour, as the first fiery rays lighted the crags and peaks, it seemed as though the world would again be a child of love and beauty knowing no evil. And as Burt watched, a low monotonous chant, an alternating rhythm floated down to him. It was the sound of voices, intelligible, low, devout—monks reading the hours.

Weeks later, Burt again came down the mountain path. He had just paid a last visit to the monastery at its top. Happy without, serene within, he wandered down the winding road. A new man, full of hope and rejoicing in faith; he was going home to watch the sun go down.

Mother's Grey Hair

Donald Besanceney

My Mother's hair has turned to white
Because of me in life's hard fight;
But since I've passed my youthful years
I hope to cause her no more tears.

May all her sorrows turn to joy,
Now that I am her grown-up boy,
A boy for whom she used to pray,
Yet who but gave her hairs of gray.

May God, from Whom comes joy in life,
Lead on my Mother through this strife;
And give her joy for every pain,
Lest her dear life be spent in vain.

Oh, when she answers Heaven's call,
May she then share in graces all;
And on me, God, turn not a frown;
Set me 'mid gems upon her crown.

WHY NOT "CRAB" ABOUT SOMETHING

James Pike.

Who is there sufficiently soft-brained to deny that America is the most progressive country in all this world? If anybody will not uphold this tribute to his Fatherland, let that fellow put himself in the position of Robinson Crusoe. Every worthy American citizen feels it to be his prerogative to be responsible for the success his country has attained. Just who among Americans has contributed most to this success is difficult to say, for it is plain to any observer that within the confines of America there are men of all kinds and types furnished with good as well as bad qualities. In what way anyone has made himself directly responsible for the minute particles of 'good' and 'bad' in a nation as large as the American is, of course, impossible to guess. Yet here is something that can be said—it is almost self-evident—that even though American civilization is, or may be, many degrees nearer to perfection than to imperfection, it exhibits, nevertheless, several qualities that make a bad, rather than adverse, impression on the sharp-eyed critic.

Before yielding to any inclination to criticise, it should be recalled to mind that the words "America" and "Progressive" have come to be so closely welded together that anybody who does not show that he is aware of this fact will receive no attention for his opinions. Now, if anything is to be said, naturally it will refer to the meaning of the word, "Progressive". In itself this word may signify manifold contact. It is like a fork with many tines upon which both the good and the bad may be gathered from the sea of time. That some "bad" has been gathered, who would question it? When progress has been made on the road to the "bad", then there

is time for reform, and reform means criticism. Criticism generally means "crabbing" about something be it important or unimportant. Here for once the matter shall be something unimportant, though the words in the introduction to this piece of writing may well make the impression that a "whale" of a matter would receive a knockout blow.

That knockout blows have been directed against this or that evil that impinged on one or the other of the tines of the fork of progress is a fact too well known to deserve mention. Witness the attempt to stamp out the use of alcoholic drink. But if the use of alcohol signified running in the direction of evil, then surely the use of tobacco implies running over the rocky, rough-and-tumble road in the progress to what is really "bad". It is excessive indulgence in the yellow weed that is causing opposition to develop against its use. People in America face the charge of having become real "tobacco worms". Statistics might be adduced to prove this accusation, but since statistics are said to lie, what, then, is the benefit of parading them on paper. The best form of statistics is the observing eye. True enough, to avoid this particular kind of eye, the victims of the weed are seldom seen walking up and down the streets of cities and towns with their faces hidden behind smoke screens, but that their kind and ilk is legion may easily be guessed from the fact that tobacco factories are not known to raise much noise about hard times, and the observing eye will usually see a lot of hustle and work going on behind their walls. Some may maintain that this observing eye is all too finicky and ought to receive a squirt from a tobacco-chewer right in its blinking orb, but in spite of this suggestion, the observing eye will continue to see what it should see.

But if a person has a disposition to "crab" about something, why "crab" about a recognized form of innocent pleasure? If pleasure it were to see someone's cheeks bulging with a chew, there would be no sense in crabbing about it. But is it a pleasure? For the looker-on it is disgusting, and for the chewer it is an embarrassment, at least it should be such. Yet he has a good subterfuge in referring to the chewing of food, a practice that is hardly more aesthetic than chewing tobacco, particularly if the food-chewer will keep his mouth open while he is lustily masticating hard-boiled eggs, horse-radish, and cabbage, all nicely commingled. Of course the chewer of food should not keep his mouth open, but he usually does just this; the chewer of tobacco should not keep his mouth open, and he usually doesn't do just this. At any rate, here is a hard nut to crack, and that, too, just about any kind of chewing.

Surely chewing tobacco is such a disgusting habit that it should not even receive mention when there is question of keeping America from progressing on the road to evil. Here smoking tobacco is the nuisance from which something "bad gat its being." If one will stop to consider what is necessary to produce the "fine blue-smoke weed," he will see how "bad" it all is. Thousands of men, women, and even children, in our tobacco-producing states devote fully twelve months out of each year in rearing, fostering, and working the "weed of pleasure" into usable shape. Hundreds of acres of most fertile land in these states are thoroughly sapped of their strength by the wicked tobacco weed, and are thus transformed into waste land with no prospect of regaining their original fertility. Manufacturing centers

of large size are given to squeezing the "weed of pleasure" into shape for cigars, cigarettes, and for smoking. Dollars must be multiplied by the millions and millions to reach the sum annually expended by the people of America to satisfy the unthinkable pleasure derived from the use of tobacco. Accidents must also be taken into account; for, is it not a fact that hundreds of fine dwellings have been brought down to ashes through fires caused by "smoking epidemics?" Certainly, most forms of enjoyment afford some physical, mental, or social benefit to the participant, but smoking can afford enjoyment in these respects only in an insignificant measure while it is detrimental to health and carries with it other undesirable effects.

What really would old King Tut say about America's advanced civilization were he to join in some public gathering in any one of America's large towns and there would see men and women carrying a burning roll of weeds, odorous at that, in their hands and drawing smoke from it into their lungs, all the while calling it a pleasure? Would he not ridicule present-day civilization and find himself justified in doing so? Of course Americans would quickly get busy in throwing cold water on King Tut's daring snicker by telling him that by the burning of this weed, tobacco, they provide employment to many who would go without work otherwise, and that, consequently, they are ready to put up with a mere paltry pleasure for the sake of their fellow men. But King Tut might rejoin by quoting to these boasters several lines written by an anti-smoke campaigner, who says, "You, who use tobacco, particularly by way of smoking, do a lot to restrain the progress of civilization by procuring employment for a large number of able-bodied people, employment that

is of no avail for the chief interest of mankind. If the same amount of labor and money were spent towards expanding the really useful arts of civilization, you would find yourselves reaching a perfection in these arts far superior to that attained by the Greeks of old or by any other nation that this world has ever suffered to live." But here again the American flusters the old swarthy Egyptian King by answering that it is by no means sure that the work and money would be spent on the arts that now go up in smoke. That a pleasure, though paltry, has, and for all the future will, engage the interests of Americans generally more than will the pains demanded by art. Old King Tut might try to shake his ancient jaws at these statements, but "fax is fax".

Whatever induced Sir Walter Raleigh in 1564 to transplant the "weed of pleasure" from America to European soil is a puzzle that finds its solution only in the meaning of curiosity. There was a new odor about the week such as Europeans had never enjoyed before. Even Queen Elizabeth was anxious to know about the odor. Hence it was that Sir Walter Raleigh smoked an Indian pipe in her presence, but not for pleasure, rather only to show how smart he was in being able to determine the weight of the smoke that rose from his pipe. But for all the smoke Sir Walter raised, it could not keep him from losing his head on the block during the reign of James the First. It may be that King James thought that smoking and treason went hand in hand. At any rate, the first tobacco smoker was executed. A sad example this, for all those who follow in his footsteps by becoming addicts to the terrible weed. Yet in spite of the horrid example derived from the first smoker among civilized people, it is very sure that smoking will not be abandoned for many years to

come among Americans. Could it be that because America was the first to sprout the weed that its climate urges the use of it?

Since it is good pastime to "crab" about something, why not allow this crabbing about the use of tobacco to produce some good results for American civilization by reducing its use to a normal measure. What that normal measure is, must be decided by individuals. For most of them it would be a normal measure to abstain from the "weed of pleasure" altogether. If they wish to fortify themselves in this noble resolution, let them but read the following lines from Charles Lamb's poem entitled "Farewell to Tobacco:"

"Weed, thou stinking'st of stinking kind !
Filth of mouth and fog of mind !
Africa, that brags her foysom,
Breeds no such prodigious poison !
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, Mermaid, Cockatrice,
With their force hold to this vice ;
Nay, rather —————
Plant divine, of rarest truth ;"

Clear it is from the last quoted line that Charles Lamb "hangs his coat to the wind" when there is question of using tobacco. Since this is another thing to "crab" about, let it serve as a sufficiently reasonable reason to bring this crabbing to an end.

The Heart of Gold

Joseph Wittkofski.

The game was done, the sumptuous banquet past,
The king had much enjoyed the grand repast;
Within his regal chamber he retired
To find the peace his heart and soul desired.

At length he said, "Good friends, my plight behold!
Go seek for me a heart of purest gold;
I spurn with hate these false and brazen joys;
I'm tired of hearts that are but base alloys."

The courtiers search; then think a warrior brave
Is one the king would have to be his slave;
A man whose heart knows naught but iron will
And one sole wish, to fight with men and kill.

A hero now they find, of great renown,
Whose sturdy virtue is his only crown,
But silver heart in him he cannot hide;
For golden heart must show no mark of pride.

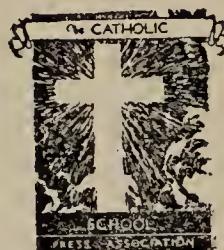
With empty hope, they seek both far and near,
Until they meet a mother kind and dear:
Amazed they shout, "Oh mighty king behold,
We've found for you a heart of purest gold!"

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Charter Member



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THE LAST LAP

The smell of burning gas and whirling dust hovered over the thousands of spectators at the Indianapolis Speedway as the sputtering racers came roaring down the home stretch. One hundred and ninety-nine laps were completed and only one lap left to go! The drivers pressed down the accelerator a notch further in a last effort to pass the leader. In an instant one of the survivors of the gruelling test would be abreast of the checkered flag, spelling victory and fame!

Another mass of yelling spectators leaped to their feet as a group of panting horses came thundering around the bend. As the last curve was rounded the horse at the rail stepped out into the lead followed by the others. Excited jockeys pleaded with their mounts to give all that was left in them. Only a few more strides and they would pass the judges' stand. Churchill Downs was again celebrating its annual Kentucky Derby Classic.

Reversing the scene from the grime and the grease of the race track to the dust of the baseball diamond and the tennis courts, there appears an entirely different atmosphere. After eight months of studying and inclement weather the collegians, deserting the class rooms and the study halls, hasten to the campus. The past exams have been weathered, hopes have been raised and shattered, but in the glow of the laughing spring sun such affairs as honor-rolls, flunks, and good resolutions are forgotten. Although he is uninclined to study after a

thrilling afternoon spent upon the baseball diamond, nevertheless, the vision of graduation with its laurels of victory furnishes the necessary impetus to interest the Senior in his classes. To him May is the last lap in his college career. The last few months were as preliminaries to decide better the winners in the classroom and on the athletic field.

It would be unjust to begrudge a lad the enjoyment of these balmy days after the bleak winter and the daily routine of classes extending over the past eight months. What attractions can Livy, Rockliff, or Dante hold compared to the glistening tennis court, the verdant campus, and the sparkling water? Only one more month of college life, and why not enjoy it? What is more stimulating than just floating upon the rippling lake with a clear blue sky above, or sitting in the grove smoking a well-caked pipe?

But over this happy idleness hovers the vision of the final exams and of Commencement Day. To the Seniors it implies a parting from their old school friends and fellow-classmates to enter upon a new phase of life. The exams are a final test, the last lap, which must be undergone before that day of parting arrives. This ordeal determines whether it will be a Summa, a Magna, a Cum Laude, or nothing at all!

“Strange as it may seem,” many students, including a number of the graduates, glide through the last lap, attempting to live on their past records. Very few horses ever won the Derby without giving the best they had on the home stretch. Consider the heart of a fond mother who learns that her boy fell short of a “Magna” because of his carelessness, after she had been so confident of his success. If you, as students, now lack the initiative to do your

best, visualize an aged mother, who awaits at the finish of the last lap, to greet you as the victor!

M. J. V.

THE NEW STAFF

The month of May is always an eventful month in Collegian History, for it is during that month that the staff for the coming year is appointed. A new staff has a great task before itself. It must live up to all former Collegian traditions, and must also formulate new ones so that the Collegian may ever move onward and upward toward the ideal.

It is with a deep sense of pride that we announce the staff for the coming year as appointed by the Faculty. Michael Vichuras, Editor-in-chief; William Egolf, Assistant Editor; Joseph Lenk, Urban Wurm, Robert Dery, William Voors, Harold Kuhns, Edward Fischer, Valerian Volin, Associate Editors; Raymond Leonard, Business Manager; Dominic Pallone, Assistant Business Manager; William McKune, Exchanges; Alfred Horrigan, Joseph Allgeier, Books; Charles Robbins, Herbert Kenney, Locals; Stanislaus Manoski, Edward Hession, Sports; Victor Boarman, Thomas Danehy, Clubs; Norbert Missler, Alumni; James Pike, Humor; Claire Zimerle, Herbert Eilerman, Typists.

The Collegian Staff of 1931-1932 takes this opportunity to wish the in-coming staff the best of luck. Editing the Collegian, though a task, is one of the experiences of school life which a student will never regret having acquired. We are proud to have you, members of the new staff, for our successors. *Perge ad finem!*

L. J. E.



By observation one will find that scholastic journalism easily separates itself into two markedly distinct types or divisions into which all student publications can readily be placed. Characteristic of the first class is the "hurry and scurry," the mental unrest, the educational shallowness of modern student life as seen by the more staid minds of the day. The other and really worth while group is that which is pervaded with a spirit of learning and is filled with a desire to present intellectually beneficial articles. To this latter class belongs THE LOYOLA QUARTERLY—Loyola University.

Probably the most ambitious work in the entire Easter number is "New America and Willa Cather," by John S. Gerriets. Indirectly a plea for more individualistic literary fiction in our own country, the production is primarily a sympathetic appreciation of the author of "Death Comes for the Archbishop." Suggestive of a deep knowledge of the subject in hand, coupled with an enticing, condensed style, the entire composition gives the reader a feeling of having read something genuine, something other than a mere combination of pretty sentiments. To say that it is one of the best works that has as yet been noticed among our exchanges would by no means be an unwarranted statement.

Of surpassing quality is the narrative of early Illinois, "The Man With the Iron Hand," by Eugene M. Finan. Although the subject matter is not ex-

ceptional in itself, yet the capable pen of its author has lifted it from what might have been a mediocre piece of work to a most excellent bit of reading.

“The Education of Henry Adams,” a review of the autobiography of Henry Brooks Adams by Joseph C. Diggles, presents an opportunity for delightful relaxation. Especially attractive is the wealth of apt comparisons and charming figures of speech which are distributed throughout the production. One humorous, though true, passage, which particularly appealed to us was the following: “With this degree (B. A.) and his ignorance he went to Berlin, where German philosophy produced a more serious ignorance with greater efficiency and more involved stupidities—comparing favorably in that respect with our vague of the ‘credit hour system’.” This commentary on the autobiography of “a man who found life is insoluble” is interesting in material, literary in write-up, most pleasing in result.

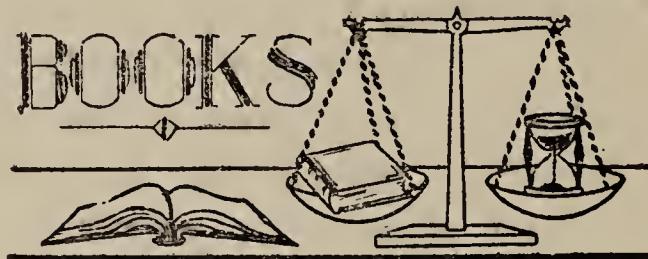
Our enjoyment of the “Quarterly” received a little jolt when we hit upon “The Friar and the Pope.” Perhaps we are a bit too squeamish when we see someone who was rough on Rome get a share of praise, but, for all that, the article proved to be interesting reading, even if the doughty Friar, Savonarola, gets a little more credit than we should like to grant him.

Among the editorials “A Field for Catholic Action” is without question the most outstanding. Commendable work, J. F. C. Your plea for Catholic Action in a field where need of it is keenly felt is so well founded and so pointed that it can be but the work of one who fully realizes that which he is talking about and, above all, really means everything he says.

Having had a recent class room experience with

Horace one is better fitted to grasp fully and enjoy more abundantly the beauty, the craftsmanship, and the ability which combined to produce "To a Jar of Mellow Wine," by John S. Gerrietts. This poem is an adaptation of Horace's famous ode to his "little brown jug" as a certain Latin professor so happily termed it.

In general one cannot help but note that the "Loyola Quarterly" is accomplishing its purpose in a most commendable fashion. For this reason it justly merits the place it holds among the publications that are of the more serious-minded literary type.



"Greater love than this . . ."

THE SAMARITANS OF MOLOKAI, by Charles J. Dutton.

In his definition of literature Cardinal Newman insists that if a book is to be endowed with any literary significance it must have a universal appeal. If this consideration be applied to Charles Dutton's "Samaritans of Molokai," then surely the work is literature for it makes a persistent appeal to our higher emotions. It makes this appeal, because its pages are radiant with that most elevating of all human virtues—self-sacrifice. Around this beautiful virtue the author weaves his story and succeeds so well that just as we praise and extol the virtue, we must likewise appreciate the book.

With that adherence to realistic detail that makes description so poignant, the author disposes his readers comfortably by first creating that prerequisite of appreciation, atmosphere. True, the spread of leprosy (which constitutes the first part of the book) is accounted for theoretically, as only it can be. But the logic and thoroughness of the theory so appeals that the author soon transfers us from the realm of the speculative into the world of real "honest to goodness." This is why we can enjoy and accept with grace the first part of the "Samaritans of Molokai." As we finish this exposition, we have a vivid mental picture of the dreadful disease, leprosy, which not unlike the figure of death appears sporadically here and there, stalking sometimes slowly, sometimes fast through this country, travelling by numberless ways, much like the camp-followers trailing along the path of Rome's mighty legions. Again, it is like a stowaway sailing the watery expanses, but progressively rounding the whole globe, remaining in one part of the world seemingly just long enough to lay low all those unfortunates who happen within the wake of its sweeping, ulcer-bearing scythe.

With a background as this, verbally painted on these absorbing pages, the author sets himself to one of the hardest tasks of pen-characterization. Gradually the man, priest, and saint, Damien, takes form under the author's telling hands, and our enthusiasm for the book, its contents, and its author, steadily increases. We see a simple, strictly human Belgian priest filled with the zeal of a true "laborer," spontaneously volunteering to make what in substance would be more than the supreme sacrifice. With well-ordered sequence the author leads us on, and together we follow Damien as he builds huts, starts

orphanages, bandages patients, administers the sacraments, says Mass, pausing never to rest, but slaving always, instinctively bent on alleviating the misery of the leprous unfortunates. Then we pause: Father Damien himself is struck with the plague. We see this supreme example of self-sacrifice slowly sink on his sick bed incapacitated by the ravages of the ulcer, striving to do yet a little more for his lepers. Then all is over—a world figure, the Apostle of Molokai, has been created. He has passed to his reward, he who lived that sublime counsel, "Greater love than this no man hath that he lay down his life for his friends."

But the story of Molokai is not yet finished. The monument begun and partially erected by Damien is yet to be completed. With the exhaustiveness of a research worker, the author commences to unfold still another character, one whose life is as interesting as a modern fiction creation. Sympathetically attuned by what has lead up to part three, we eagerly follow the author as he relates the life of Joseph Dutton. Then comes Molokai; Dutton (there first called "Brother") treads the same trail as Damien. He uses all his previous worldly experience to good advantage and at the end of his forty-four fruitful years leaves Molokai a place of the blessed rather than that of the damned. Brother Dutton is the one who completes the monument of self-sacrifice and supremely human charity, the foundations of which had been so solidly established by Father Damien. Brother Joseph's end brings us no grief, for like him we are eager that he should pass to the beyond, there to reap the reward promised to all good "Samaritans."

As we give a parting glance to its pages both pleasant and horrible, we close the book realizing that

we have been spiritually uplifted. We wonder why the book seems so thorough, so complete. Perhaps it is because the author has succeeded in an admirable way in embellishing with truth what might be ungrammatically termed "a historical-novel biography."

W. J. C.

The "Only Yesterday" of the Stage

OUR CHANGING THEATRE, by R. Dana Skinner.

In reviewing "Our Changing Theatre" Madame Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt remarks that this well-known critic, Mr. Skinner, enjoys two assets that are, in the majority of his fellow craftsmen, generally conspicuous by their absence, philosophy and background. That the point is well taken there can be little doubt. The comparative success of the work is due both to the reviewer's capability of penetrating and analyzing and to his extensive knowledge of practically every drama, actor, and director who has won any sort of distinction in the art of Thespis during recent years.

At the outset Mr. Skinner states that he firmly believes "we are on the verge of something astounding in . . . that union of all arts that is the theatre." I think his confidence results from the belief that O'Neill (of whom he makes a rather unusually detailed analysis), Howard, Kelley, and other comparatively young playwrights will, as it were, get their "second wind" and fulfill the promise embodied in their works of the early "twenties," and by so doing give to the American stage an era of almost Elizabethan proportions. This promise for the future is emphasized throughout the entire book and may possibly be considered its theme. It appears to me that Mr. Skinner is unduly optimistic, but he is without doubt a profound thinker and, as such, well acquaint-

ed with his field. Consequently he may be capable of perceiving trends and rumors entirely hidden from the average theatre-goer. Following the introduction, the major part of the book consists of reviews of plays produced chiefly during the last five years together with a discussion of their authors. In this critical work the author has made interesting classifications of the plays. The most unique is the category which he designates as the "Song of Tragedy," best exemplified by the well-known "Great God Brown," in which he finds the promise for tomorrow. At this time, also, he develops the little-appreciated phase of the American character, the ability to dream.

Mr. Skinner, having disposed of the American stage, makes a brief survey of Continental theatrical productions, old and new. The most noteworthy features here, I believe, are his estimate of Shaw (whose plays he considers "dated") and his contrast of American and European dramatic undercurrents.

There are, of course, points in the book which will meet with disagreement. First among these is the critic's analysis of Ibsen who, he declares, "is imprisoned in the walls of his own obsessions." To theatre-goers of twenty years ago that perhaps will sound sacrilegious, but to start a discussion concerning this Poe of playwrights is worse than useless. Again the author's sustained simile between thirteenth century France and the America of today will prove to be a house built on sand.

There is no danger that the book will become a best-seller or even a very popular one, for its strength and weakness lie in the same quality—the author's depth of thought. As a result of this he devotes too much space to his analytical endeavors to be readily appreciated by the general or casual reader. The

work must be digested piece by piece, as any attempt to peruse Mr. Skinner's philosophy hurriedly would prove fatal. The author, however, has acquired that forceful, decided, take-it-or-leave-it style made famous by the Shaw-Chesterton-Belloc triangle which is ideal for subjective critical work. For one who has time to do the book justice it will at least prove an interesting study and should establish a foundation for a pleasant working knowledge of our modern theatre.

Alfred Horrigan.



"How can there be a 'living life', as Ennius says, which does not repose in the mutual good-will of a friend?"—Cicero.

Truly there is no existing bond of union that binds more firmly the lives of men, and which disperses more easily the trials and misfortunes of a heavy life, than friendly fellowship. Sorrows flit to the background before good fellowship and are shrouded in the haze of laughter and merry-making. The renewal of old acquaintances of bygone days is like drinking at the fountain of youth; new blood flows in one's veins; discord, anxiety, failures, all flee as from a terrible monster. Life is gay and everything is in harmony. The Alumni of St. Joe's cannot realize (nor even dream of) the joys of reminiscence that await them whenever they put in their welcomed appearance at the portals of dear old Alma Mater.

"I'll make the most of my short hours, and drown old cares in floods of happy recollections." This bit of ancient philosophy verbally depicts the returning Alumnus. Especially is this true on the annual Home-Coming day when the favorite haunts of school days recall hours of real joy and contentment; yet it is certain that no Alumnus will leave St. Joe's with a heavy heart at any time of the year. Leaving at any time will bear with it memories and experiences that can be relived only in the atmosphere of former years.

"All things in nature and the whole world which cohere, and all things which are subject to movement, are drawn together by friendship." Let friendship draw you to St. Joe's, Alumni, at least let it draw a few lines, dropping cheerfully, from your busy pen.

It is rumored that Francis "Gus" Gengler, a former member of the class of '32, is stepping before the footlights in dramatics. Directing and also taking a leading role in the production, "A Pair of Sixes," he performed in an excellent manner. The earnest spirit and the fiery enthusiasm which marked Gus's progress at St. Joe's are sure to lead him on to success. Gus is remembered for his achievements in Turner Hall.

During the past year, the several visits of Frederick Krieter were enjoyed by the class of '33, of which Fritz was a member. Fritz, we look forward to your return. Come again.

In a letter from Washington, D. C. comes the glad news that those two cheerful characters of '31, John Spalding and Len Cross, will be present at St. Joseph's on June 7th to see another class join the ranks of the Alumni. This pair will surely bring along a carload of happiness, and their friendly conversation will be scattered unsparingly. We wonder

if they have acquired a somewhat Eastern brogue.

Joseph Forwith, formerly of the class of '32, has an excellent article in the Messenger of the Most Precious Blood. "An Important Role in the Drama of Life" presents briefly, yet thoroughly, the necessity of being always in a cheerful mood. Joe believes in "a merry heart that goes all the day," and as we know, he quite admirably lives up to his belief.

"Because I Love God," an admiral and wholesome narrative, by Chester B. Kruczak, C. PP. S., also appeared in the Messenger. "Ches" graduated from St. Joe's last year and is now studying at St. Charles Seminary, Carthegena, Ohio. We hope to hear more from him and his classmates.

Len Conner, a graduate of '28 after some months' absence on account of ill health, is expecting to continue his studies at Carthegena next fall. He has improved steadily in health and will attack his work with all his former zeal and enthusiasm.

Joseph Green, who attended St. Joseph's during 1925-27, is recovering nicely from a recent operation. He expects to be well on his feet soon enough to receive the Subdiaconate on Ascension Thursday.

Elmer Buller, of 1927-28, and Richard O'Dowd are achieving distinction at Xavier University, Cincinnati. Elmer is holding an important position on the Student Council. Richard is president of the "Clef Dramatic Club" and is receiving much praise for activities on the stage.

Norbert J. Missler.

LOCALS



COLLEGIAN RECEIVES FIRST CLASS HONORS

In the annual magazine critical service conducted by the National Scholastic Press Association of Minneapolis, Minnesota, "The St. Joseph's Collegian" has merited First Class Honor rating. Announcement of this was made on April 25. The Staff feels especially proud that such high honors were achieved since this is the first year that the Collegian has been entered in a survey of this type. All magazine members of the N. S. P. A. enter this critical survey which is conducted every year. Honor ratings are based on size and type of school, type of magazine, literary features, versification, humor, art work, typography and make-up.

THE PATRONAGE OF ST. JOSEPH

The free day on the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph was opened with the celebration of a solemn High Mass. Country day was then in order but few of the students availed themselves of the privilege as a penetrating wind made hiking very unpleasant. It was only the lure of a Junior Baseball game that drew horse hide devotees to the North Campus to witness the first game of the season. The afternoon was much more promising, as the wind gave way to a bright sunshine. On the main campus two spirited High School teams battled for the North Side baseball championship in the initial game of the Senior Baseball League.

IMPROVEMENTS

The Class of '31 will be interested to know that the trees they planted as a remembrance to their

Alma Mater, and which met an untimely death at the hands of a severe draught, have been replaced. The planting of these new cutleaf weeping birch is a continuation of the policy inaugurated to beautify the grounds of the College.

Not many years ago the plat of ground behind the Gym ran wild with rank weeds and mosquitoes. Recently it has been converted into a veritable paradise of flowers. Even a spot has been developed there to raise trees that are to replace old ones on the lawns. They look far from decorations now as they peep from the soil, but then trees must have their cradles. Then, too, there is the fish pond where countless gold fish sport for the amusement of the students and visitors.

In addition to these improvements the College has recently received two gifts; one, two choice evergreens donated for the Grotto by Miss Mary Hession of Lafayette; the other, one hundred shrubs comprising several varieties of roses and other plants with nice long Latin names. Some of these have already been planted near the faculty building; others will be planted about the lawn and in the several gardens.

The grass, although parched by last year's withering sun, is even at this early date taking on that smooth velvety green color, one indispensable requisite for real spring beauty. It is fondly expected that in coming years, St. Joseph's will not only be a pleasant place for students, but will also be a delightful spot for sight-seers.

YOU DONE GOIN' SWIMMIN'?

It occurred to us the other day that the number of moony-eyed individuals parading about the lake was getting larger day by day. Investigation brought

to light the fact that the lake was being drained. As the water slowly receded, the moony-eyes began to brighten up, for soon they will again be able to try to master the difficult belly-whopper dive and the dog-paddle stroke. What will happen to them while the lake receives a thorough scrubbing, they alone may surmise.

IN MEMORIAM

The faculty and students of St. Joseph's College sincerely condole with Leonard Storch on the recent death of his beloved father.

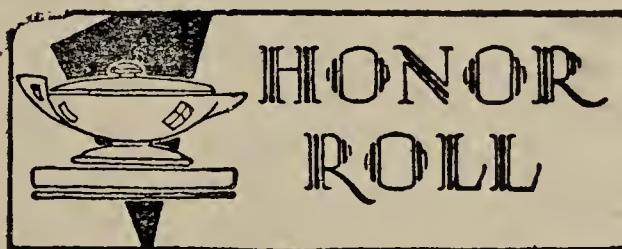
LABORATORY IMPROVEMENTS

Physic students, former and present, will be somewhat chagrined to hear of the recently acquired electrical precision instruments by the Physic Laboratory. Before their eyes, like a nightmare, will rise all the difficulties involved in measuring resistances by means of Wheatstone's Bridges. Now, thanks to the new equipment, next year's physicists will be able to determine volts, amperes, and ohms all on one instrument by simply pressing certain buttons. Some of these instruments are so delicate that they will register a millionth of an ohm. About twelve instruments of this kind have been purchased along with two other much more finely adjusted apparatuses. The latter will be used mainly in the lecture room. In addition, two other instruments to be used for demonstration purposes only have been secured. One, the Tesla Coil, is capable of producing remarkably beautiful electrical displays. The Universal Laboratory Instrument performs the functions now done by eleven different apparatuses.

An Aquarium also has been obtained, but this is no ordinary fish bowl. It is absolutely the latest

in fish bowls for it has a heater, thermometer, and thermostat, all operated electrically. Even the warmth produced by blowing on the water is sufficient to turn the heater off, while moving the hand across the water a few times causes the heater to become active again. Tropical fish are to be the dwellers in these up-to-date fish bungalows, such as Guppie, Zebra fish, and Sail fish. These fish will never have to worry about balancing their budget as they will live in a balanced aquarium. Here water plants restore the oxygen to the water, while small snails act as scavengers.

Charles Robbins
Herbert Kenney



First Class: Raymond Huettner, 90 2-5; Henry Kenney, 88 1-5; Thomas Seifert, 84 4-5; Wallace Brining, 82 1-5; Dale Helmar, 69 2-5.

Second Class: Carl Gundlach, 99 2-5; Frederic Ernst, 95 4-6; Lucian Arata, 95 3-5; Albert Otteweller, 94 3-5; Denis Schmitt, 94 3-5; Robert Hoeval, 93.

Third Class: Edward Maziarz, 96 5-6; Ambrose Heiman, 96 1-3; Rudolph Bierberg, 95; Gerald La Fontain, 94 2-3; Edward Hession, 94 1-3; Edward McCarthy, 94 1-3; Anthony Suelzer, 94 1-3.

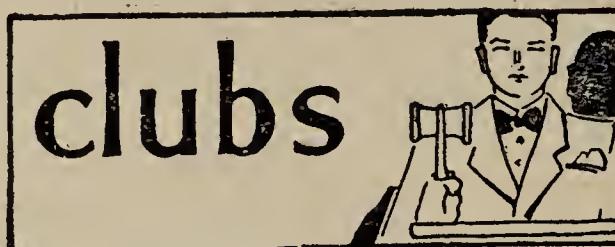
Fourth Class: William McKune, 96 1-7; Thomas Buren, 93 1-6; Alfred Horrigan, 93; Arnold Meiring, 91 4-7; Joseph Allgeier, 90 7-8.

Fifth Class: Michael Vichuras, 94; Bernard

Glick, 93 6-7; Robert Dery, 93 4-7; William Egolf, 93 1-7; Raymond Leonard, 89 5-7.

Sixth Class: Robert Nieset, 97 2-7; Herman Schnurr, 96 4-7; Charles Maloney, 96 2-7; Joseph Otte, 96 2-7; Harry Connelly, 93 2-7; Lawrence Ernst, 92 6-7.

J. W. E.



COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

It is sincerely regretted that, since this issue of the Collegian must go to press before the presentation of the "Three Wise Fools" on May 1st, no review of this modern comedy is possible until next month's issue of the Collegian. Dame rumor has it that this production is going to be one of the spiciest comedies ever presented on the local stage. Lots of laughs, good wholesome humor, and lively dialogue are in store for those who attend.

NEWMAN CLUB

In the past few months the Newmans have shown advancement not only in public programs but also in private entertainments. This is due, most probably, to the criticisms of the Newman critic, William McKune. These criticisms have been of such a nature that they have received favorable comments from the critic's fellow members.

Within a short time the present Newmans will close their first year in dramatics, and prepare to

enter the C. L. S. next fall. It is hoped that they will obtain much greater success in their activities in that organization.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

The enthusiasm which the D. M. U. members have been exhibiting for the past three months was raised one step higher when the doors of Alumni Hall were thrown open to the Dwengerites on April 17. Among the outstanding events of this evening was the awarding of the prizes to the winners in the short story contest. The first prize, a gift of five dollars, was presented to James Quinn. Under new business, Robert Nieset was selected by a unanimous vote of the entire assembly as a Paladin leader because of his untiring efforts in promoting Catholic Action among the local students.

Perhaps the outstanding feature of the evening was the Catholic Action program. In order to discuss better this important subject the house resolved itself into a committee of the whole with Robert Nieset as chairman, who amply repaid the confidence reposed in him.

To open the program William McKune and his orchestra, thinking that Hypnus was hovering rather closely over some of the youngsters, presented the following selections: "Roll on Mississippi", "By a Rippling Stream", "The Persian Market Place", and "In a Monastery Garden". Interest was added to these numbers by the explanatory and interesting remarks of the director.

The speakers of the evening restricted themselves to the discussion of the relationship between Catholic Action and the Mission Crusade. Leon Ritter and Valerian Volin spoke on the origin and purpose of student missionaries. Next followed a plea

for organization by Urban Wurm. The final discourse of the evening was delivered by Tyre Forsee, who spoke on social activities. In order to make the program enjoyable as well as educational, McKune's Orchestra presented its delightful numbers between the various speeches and thus gave Somnus no opportunity to alight upon anyone. Because of the busy meeting and the lengthy orchestral renditions, all were forced to retire without having heard another of Fr. Camillus' educational discourses upon the beauty of music, a disappointment which as everybody hopes, will not be again experienced.

Victor Boarman.

RALEIGH SMOKING CLUB

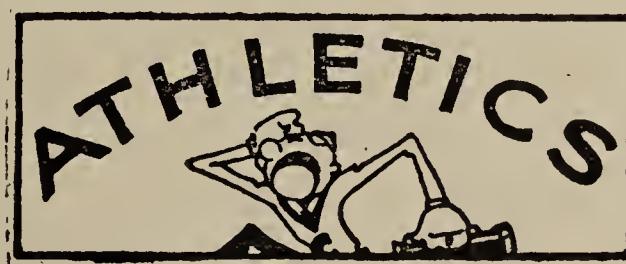
Once again the members of the Raleigh Smoking Club convened in the local club room for another delightful musical entertainment. The program was ushered in with the usual question by Val Volin and his R. C. orchestra "Are You Lonesome Tonight?" While listening to the dreamy, mellow strains, a wave of joy passed over all present banishing all care and trouble. But joy among the members reached its zenith when it was announced that the evening's program was to be dedicated to the Reverend Moderator, Father Rupert Landoll. It is only through him that our programs have achieved so large a degree of success; it is only through his creative initiative and untiring efforts in the interest of the club members, that the club room has become a source of genuine joy and pleasure. During the course of the program, a Gladstone bag was presented to Father Landoll as a token of affection and appreciation. He then gave an entertaining speech in his usual modest way, forgetting himself and giving all

the credit to other members for the success of the club this year.

The orchestra, as usual, was the main feature of the program, presenting music that could soothe the most troubled heart. While listening to the music, all felt themselves carried away into the happy land of popular melodies. The rich melodious voices of John Byrne, Frederic Cardinalli, James Conroy, and Thomas Harris were greeted with a burst of applause. Then with nearly unbridled enthusiasm the entire assembly accompanied Val and his boys in a few songs.

June is but a short way off; soon all the club members will leave to enjoy for three short months the old familiar haunts and surroundings of homeland. One of the fondest memories that they will take with themselves will be memories of Raleigh Club days. The Club has always proved a source of joy to its members; through it the bonds of friendship have been strengthened and the monotony of routine life broken. The past year has, indeed, been the most successful in all Raleigh Club history.

Thomas Danehy.



LUCKY STRIKERS WIN OPENER 11-1

Behind the stellar hurling of Gene Zimmerman, who allowed but two singles and struck out nine men, the Lucky Strikers pounded out an 11-1 victory over

the Spartans in the opening game of the Junior baseball league. Petro celebrated the opener by whacking a home run into the tennis courts, a feat which is the envy of every Junior leaguer. Thornbury also connected for the circuit. Granson started on the mound for the Spartans, but was knocked out in the last inning, and Andres finished the game. The Spartans got their lone run in the first inning when Andres singled to left with two men aboard.

SENIOR LEAGUE OPENS; FOURTHS DEFEAT THIRDS 5-3

Bunching eight hits off Eddie Hession, the Fourths won the Senior league opener from the Thirds by a score of 5-3. The Fourths got their first run in the second inning on a double by Kirchner and a single by Gannon. They picked up two more runs in the third inning. Rausch drew a pass, and went to second when McKune singled to center. He scored on Migoni's grass cutter through short stop. McKune came in on a wild pitch. Rastetter drove in what proved to be the winning run in the fifth inning when he singled with McKune on second. Gannon and Forsee scored the other run in the sixth inning with a pair of doubles. The Thirds did all their scoring in the third inning. Steinhauser led off with a hot single past Rausch. Biven blasted one through the box, Steinhauser stopping at second. Wight tapped to Kirchner who tried to force Biven coming down from first. Steinhauser scored on the play. Gannon muffed Kostka's easy fly, but picked it up in time to force Wight at second. Hartlage fanned, but Lammers singled sharply to center for two more runs. The Thirds threatened in the last two innings, but Kirchner was able to keep them from scoring.

DIAMOND NINE WIN IN EIGHTH 6-5

Foos' single in the eighth inning with Van Nevel on second gave the Diamond Nine a 6-5 decision over the Lucky Strikers in the second game of the Junior league schedule. The Diamond Nine fought an uphill battle all the way, and were trailing 5-1 when they came to bat in the last of the seventh inning. A four run rally, however, tied the score, and sent the game into extra innings. Scholl led the batting attack for the victors with a double and two singles in four trips to the plate. Jordan looked best for the Lucky Strikers with a triple in four times up.

SIXTHS SHUT-OUT FIFTHS 22-0

Ikey Hoover got the first shut out of the season when he blanked the Fifths 22-0. He allowed but three measly singles, walked but two men, and struck out five. He pitched no-hit ball until the fourth inning, and no one reached third base on him throughout the whole game. While he was thus turning in this fine pitching performance, his mates were clouting Red Robbins and Mike Vichuras all over the lot for nineteen hits. Fritz Cardinali led the attack with a double and two singles in four times up. Al Mayer and Jim Conroy also got two hits apiece, one of Jim's being a triple. Everyone else on the team garnered two hits apiece. Even Chas. Mitchell, who for the past few seasons has been wearing a path between home plate and the bench, came in for a pair of singles. The game was called in the seventh inning, after it had dragged out two long hours.

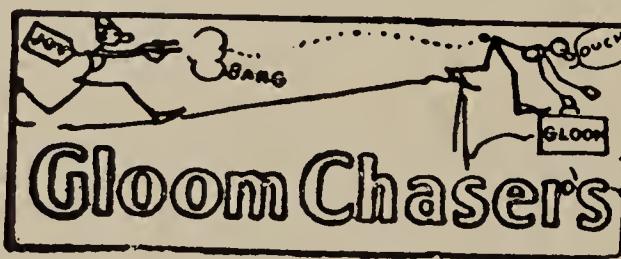
DIAMOND NINE DOWN SPARTANS 13-6

In the last game of the first round of the Junior league the Diamond Nine defeated the Spartans 13-6

in a wild contest to take undisputed hold on first place. The Diamond Nine got off to a 7-1 lead in the first two innings, which was climaxed by Foos' home run into right center field. In the third and fourth innings the Spartans began to click both on the offensive and on the defensive, and brought the score to the slight difference of 7-6. Their threat, however, was short lived as the Diamond Nine then took matters in hand to win by a comfortable margin. Both pitchers were wild, and gave nine passes apiece. Despite this fact Bobbie Hoeval set a new Junior league record for strike outs in one game by fanning fifteen Spartans.

TENNIS NOTES

The success of last year's tennis league has presaged its return into the realm of Collegeville sports this year. Under the enterprising direction of William Coleman five teams have been entered into the league, and already things have begun to happen.



Manoski—Did you ever hear what the monkey said when he spilled the ink in the cash register?

Zahn—O. K. Stan, let's have it?

Manoski—Boy! This will run into money.

Heinsen—What's the matter with Tossman?

Maziarz—It's his head, he says. He says he's had it off and on ever since he was born.

MARVELOUS!

There was once a boy named Otte,
His face we'll see no more,
For what he thought was H₂O
Was H₂S₀4.

Nozy Moe sez that after a stinky smoke, onions
are good to take away the bad breath.

Liza—I want a ticket for Florence.

Station Agent—Florence, Alabama, Mississippi—
which Florence, Madam? There are worlds of them!
Where is Florence?

Liza—Here she is on de bench.

Nozy Moe sez the height of sompin' is a fake
dentist selling a fire-eater a set of celluloid teeth.

Lammers—But I tell you, I didn't swipe your
soap.

Heckman—Well, some contemptible sneakin' low
life swiped it and if McKune's locker hadn't been
open, I'd a had to go home with out any.

Dirksen—My uncle used to be on the stage.

Nels—Yeah? Mine was a hack driver too.

Lefko—Why, New York is so great that one
man dies there every minute.

Byrne—Yeah? I'd like to see him.

Lady—I'd be ashamed to be a strong man like
you and ask for money.

Conroy—So I am, Madam—but I once got 18
months for taking it without asking.

In Chicago when thrown out of a Cabaret, be nonchalant—Light a Bomb.

Prof—Any questions?

Voice—Yes, what course is this?

Heilman—Why are you laughing?

Buzz—I got on a street car this morning in Kokomo and handed the conductor a two dollar bill.

Heilman—Well?

Buzz—He asked me which horse I wanted.

Dapper Don sez:—

I once knew a man from N. Y.

Who never ate peas with a fork;

He ate with his knife

And in fear of his life

Had his implement covered with cork.

And this is just to fill space.

MODERN CHICAGO

A shot rang out. A man fell to the ground with a bullet through the spare gizzard. He was dead even before he hit the ground. Beside him stood his murderer, gazing at the result of his handiwork. Along came a cop, he regarded the body, then glanced at the still smoking revolver in the hands of the killer.

“Did you do this?” asked the cop.

“Yes,” comes back the snappy reply. “With the sweat of my manly brow I did do it.”

“Come along then,” returns the cop, “I’ll have to run in for bein’ a suspicious character.”

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